HOGARTH HOUSE, PARADISE ROAD, RICHMOND, SURREY.

TELEPHONE: RICHMOND 496

My Violet

What a pleasure to get your two short, but not too sweet, lady sheets yesterday at breakfast. Do make a habit— as some people pray. We are now driving into London to see another doctor, as my heart & my temperature still annoy me; & the Dr. here, wants to get it settled. I can't go on hypnotised. Confound, you with Love to come & see me as I do. I hope though that we shall get away & be all right I was wanting to write to

to Nelly about her sister – but I see I have
nothing to say, except that I feel more sorry
for her than for most people who love sisters.
Wasn't Lady Anne her favourite? –
But one can never communicate with
people in this world, & that is the great
tragedy; I'm thinking of your burial
feast with the black sugar cake, you all &
how we shall all be so jealous of Lady Horner of
Ella Cruse, Ella Cruse of me, & me of
the Chow dog, I daresay. I could go on writing for
ever, but fate has cut this paper short – Yrs VW –

Hogarth House.

My Violet.

How are some of our new notices, in case you are able to distribute them among the great. There is nothing in the stories to shock the king — in fact they are very mild. We're just stopped printing after three hours — it is so fascinating that we can hardly bear to stop.

Do come & see us again whenever you have time. We both so much enjoyed it & you would be made to lend a hand.

Leonard sends his love

& V. W.

We've got 50 people now.

Hogarth House
Paradise Road
Richmond.

My Violet

I hope you're still in London. Would you come to tea next Tuesday. 15th, a step to an early Dinner? We should enjoy seeing you very much. I've just finished Alfred Lyttelton. I suppose the only excuse is that it was a relief to her feeling to write it, but the horror of having that sprawling & emotional stuff written about one, & all ones private papers heaped up in public seems to me considerable. Poor Laura! And Alfred himself seems to have against living on the whole. The truth is that those very sentimental & adoring circles didn't cast very well - after 20 years, only the quash still gakes: & then I was covered to anger by Alfred's ecstasy over a dead lion, a rhapsodic atrocity! I suppose the day later. Poor man! I suppose the drove him on to be a celebrity - a politician. Which wasn't his line - However, all his Lives are paid for by this sort of monument. We're sitting in our backgarden after tea enjoying the sun. I hope you'll come.

Yrs VW.

July 10th - 1916.

Grasham.

My Violet.

You're very good to write – But you mustn't enclose cheques. We are not really very hard up, at this moment – If we ever are, I promise that we will come to you – anyhow it extraordinarily nice of you to think of it. I hope that we shall now lead an economical life – no nurses, a weekly books fairly low. Did I tell you Arnold has accepted Leonard's new novel – a the Village in the Jungle has done very well. Clive back announced – Not much happens here. Capt adventures with the dogs & cats, who seem to feel the Spring in their bones, & behave according. Are you recovered? I've got a funny old picture of you, taken by Beresford – d'you remember?

Yr Virg

Hogarth House,
Paradise Road,
Richmond.

April 2-1916

Sunday.

My Violet,

I daresay you want to drop us — if so, spit it out like a woman. If not, shall I come to tea with you one day? Are you still living in Manchester Street? Do you still think me very wicked for living at Brunswick Square with a household of young men? — does marriage purge one's impurity, or am I for ever contaminated?

I saw Nelly the other day a Beatrice as grimy as a coalheaver, what with ~~her~~ mourning & the dust of old letters.

Leonard sends his love.

Yr Sp.

RICHMOND SURREY

11. — JN

Mary V. Adshead

21 Manchester Street

London W.

NYPL

April 5th
1916.

Hogarth House
Richmond.

I can't come on Friday, but I should like to come on Tuesday, 4.30. & hope to find a nice hot tea. Its your aristocratic aloofness that intimidates me — who always was so soft & attached, like an adhesive oyster — full of pearls, I need hardly say.

V. W.